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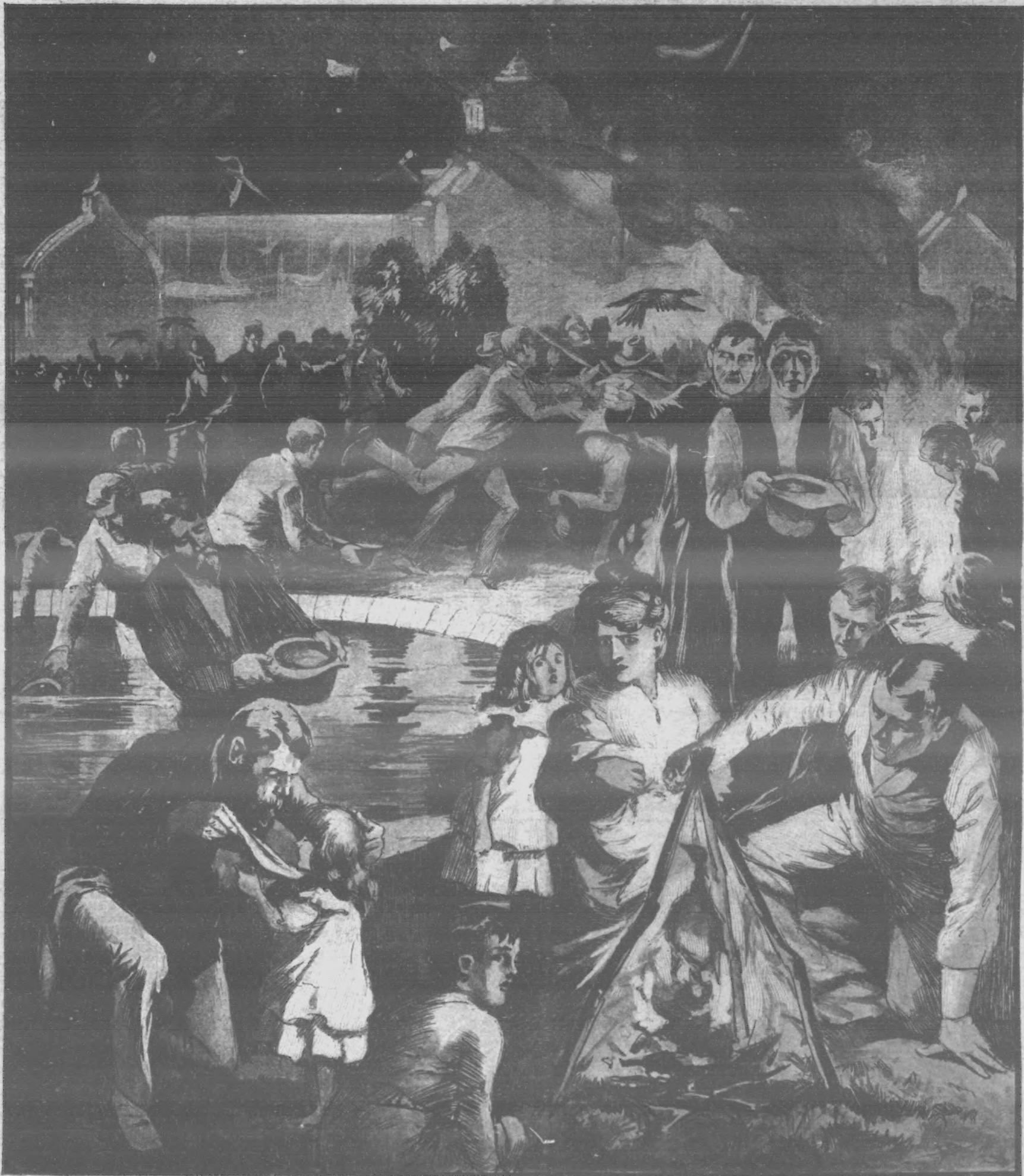
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All the News of the Week in Pictures.



IN THE RUINED CITY: REFUGEES IN THE GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

Men, women and children trudged to the Golden Gate Park, believing that there they would find cool shade and temporary relief from the fire-laden air. A rumour had spread that water was obtainable there from an artificial lake on the hill. It was muddy, foot-churned water they found, but they greedily drank it. Fathers of families waded in knee-deep to where the water cleared and filled their hats, from which the wives and children drank delicious draughts.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

After the Earthquake.

The vivid accounts which have come to hand during the past week from the special correspondents in San Francisco give a life-like impression of the actual scenes of horror which must have been witnessed in the city when the earthquake raged. The following details, sent by the special correspondent of the *Express*, give details which were not available when the disaster occurred. The writer says:

I have just returned from a visit to the refugees' camp in Golden Gate Park, where twenty thousand homeless people are dependent on the authorities for food and shelter.

There are three great camps in San Francisco, but the greatest is in Golden Gate Park, where the refugees embrace every grade of society, from the wives and children of Nob Hill millionaires to degraded Chinese and Mexicans from the north side slums.

The refugees are being deported from San Francisco as fast as possible and distributed among near-by towns.

General Funston would send away

Alameda and Vallejo are filled to overflowing. The Mayor of San Rafael asks General Funston not to send any more refugees in that direction. "We have hardly enough food for the people now here," he adds.

The most remarkable thing about Golden Gate Park was the silence of the place. Haggard men and women, in the most fantastic attire, sat on camp-stools, upturned boxes, or on the bare ground, and ate their scanty rations, or wandered listlessly about as though in a dream.

Biscuits, hot coffee, and tinned meats were being issued at the commissary headquarters by squads of soldiers, the refugees filing slowly past the commissariat in four long queues.

Three children, by the way, have been born at Golden Gate Park since last Wednesday, and all of them, strange to say, are thriving.

Women in nightgowns and costly opera coats were shivering over small fires, while men in pyjamas and blankets were the principal members of the four great "bread lines."

A man in pyjamas, overcoat, and



Photo, Park.

Two Brave Brothers: The Brothers Carter who have rescued no fewer than thirty people from the river near Blackfriars Bridge. The shorter one of the two was recently awarded £1 at the Tower Bridge for a further rescue. They have saved 300 lives during the past twenty years.

all the inhabitants if possible, in order to minimise the sanitary dangers and to give the authorities greater freedom in clearing away the ruins, which cover twenty-five square miles. The refugees are equally anxious to leave. Tugs, ferry-boats, and railway trains are crowded to their utmost capacity.

So great has been the exodus from San Francisco that the authorities in other towns are becoming alarmed.



Photo, Fradette & Young.

Sir William Stirling, K.C.B., who now retires from the command of the Tower which he has held since 1900.

top hat saved a piano. No one can remember how he got it into the park, nor can he, but, seated on an empty biscuit-box, he drummed out popular airs to the intense delight of a crowd of small children gathered around him.

All the available shelter tents from the Presidio had been pitched in the park, and there were also hundreds of improvised shelters, ranging from rough wooden huts, like rabbit hutches, with three plank walls and a blanket or canvas flap in front, to the primitive refuge of one diminutive Italian, emulating Diogenes—an empty oil barrel placed on its side.

At present hundreds of persons



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE KING LOVER: King Alfonso, with Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Ena, driving in Cowes, Isle of Wight, last week.

have to sleep in the open air. The majority look wretched in the extreme, as well as untidy and dilapidated. Some of the women are only attired in undershirts and jackets. I saw one woman wearing a pair of man's top boots.

Summary vengeance invariably followed every discovery of looting. On Wednesday afternoon a crowd of workers who discovered a Mexican robbing a corpse instantly hanged

Wooden Leg as Money Box.

The persons who saw an elderly man struggling to extricate his wooden leg from the grating into which it had stuck as he was walking up Battersea Rise, were astonished at the sequel. The leg broke, and a number of gold and silver coins rolled down the pavement. The old man explained that he had used a cavity in his wooden leg as a money-box. He was placed in a cab, with the stump of his broken limb, and driven away.

French Rioters Charged by Dragoons.

There are now 22,000 troops stationed in the district between Lens and Valenciennes, which are eighteen miles apart, to keep the riotous strikers in order.

A pitched battle was fought on Sunday at Trith, a village near Denain, between 6,000 strikers on one side and two companies of infantry and a squadron of dragoons on the other. The strikers fought with such determination that the soldiers would have been overwhelmed but for the opportune arrival of a squadron of cuirassiers.

The strikers attacked the troops savagely, sending among them a hail of bricks and stones. A gendarme was despatched by the commanding officer to propose a parley with the miners, but the rioters would not listen to him and sent him back.

Five minutes' lull ensued, and then the drums rolled out a warning, the bugles repeated it, and the dragoons charged the strikers. The captain, who led the charge himself, was badly hurt at the start. His men, seeing the blood flow from his chest and face, became infuriated, and lashed around them with their sabres. They rode their horses ruthlessly over fallen strikers, and generally behaved with as much savagery as the rioters. The mob resisted strongly, and only gave way inch by inch.

When the squadron of cuirassiers rode up and joined the dragoons the strikers turned and fled in mad panic, scrambling over garden walls, breaking into houses which had been closed against them, and swimming the little river a few hundred yards away.

Many were wounded, and it is reported that three were killed.

The wounded captain of dragoons is a cousin of the lieutenant who was killed by the strikers a few days ago.

The strikers have become so violent towards the troops that the soldiers have been ordered to defend themselves with bayonet or bullet against attacks.

Orders have been issued to the troops to disperse any gatherings of strikers, however small, and M. Clémenceau has given a written order to the general in command of the army in the Black Country, in which the following words occur: "You are to instruct your men to defend themselves against attack, and I will take the responsibility whatever may occur."

Where Mr. Birrell's Speech Was Made.

Mr. Birrell, at the conclusion of his speech on the Education Bill, took the House into his confidence, and admitted that he had put together his "ill-constructed sentences" in Battersea Park last Saturday. The place "was swarming with children, who all seemed animated by one desire—namely, to ascertain the time from me. Although at first I found their attentions somewhat disconcerting, in a very short time I came to perceive how congruous was their presence with the whole bent and task of my thoughts."



WHERE MR. BIRRELL PREPARED HIS EDUCATION BILL: The Tropical Gardens in Battersea Park.



CURLING AT PRINCE'S: During the present week there has been a great gathering of the clans at Prince's Skating Club contesting for the T'Anson Challenge Cup. In the foreground is Mr. W. T. Ray (skipper of Preston); behind, with a broom, is Mr. W. Ferguson (skipper of Belle Vue).

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

£200,000 Bought for £350.

How a Fortune was Saved from the Sea.

To buy a wreck for £350 and subsequently to acquire from it a fortune of nearly £200,000 is a stroke of good luck such as falls to the lot of few men.

This, however, a Melbourne draper, now the Hon. J. G. Aikman, member

The romantic story of this great fortune has only just come to light (writes the Melbourne correspondent of the *Express*), and is told by Mr. Aikman himself.

On a June night two years ago the magnificent P. and O. steamer *Australia*, which cost £550,000 to build, went ashore at the entrance to Port Philip Bay, a short distance from Melbourne. The vessel herself

the condenser and the metal, brass, and copper piping, there must have been hundreds of tons of metal on board.

"He stated that he had seen the steamer when it was being built at home, and he was sure that some of the copper pipes would weigh a ton in themselves."

The statements made by the engineer were fully borne out by

quantity of pig-iron were also got from the wreck.

"The four propeller blades, which consisted of either phosphor or manganese bronze, and which weighed fourteen tons altogether, were taken from the steamer, and realised £1,000 as old metal."

Half the hull of the *Australia* still remains above water, and quantities of brass, copper, and gun metal have still to be recovered.

It is estimated that Mr. Aikman's profits from the wreck approach £200,000. He has recently bought the Melbourne Coffee Palace, which, with proposed alterations, will cost £100,000, and has also acquired several other well-known businesses.

Why the underwriters never removed the valuable cargo or failed to realise the value of the vessel itself is a mystery which may never be solved.

To Reform Cannibals.

The ferocious tribe of cannibals who inhabit the Purari Delta, New Guinea, are to be visited by delegates from the London Missionary Society (writes the Sydney, N.S.W., correspondent of the *Express*) with a view to their mental and moral reformation.

They are known to be alert and daring men-hunters, and, when on the warpath, savage and ferocious beyond description.

They are cannibals of the most daring type, but not merely for the sake of procuring human flesh as animal food. Oftener than otherwise they seek for victims that they may get human blood for ceremonial purposes, and on such occasions, when victims from an alien tribe cannot be got, they find them among their own kin.



Photo, Topical.

Colonel Royston, D.S.O., to command the special corps being raised for active service in Zululand.

—which includes the allied adjectives "accessible" and "kindly."

His figure connotes his good qualities. Rotund and comfortable in appearance, he is the despair of the cartoonists. And his speeches? Well, they are good to read, but poor to hear. In speaking he is often at a loss and hesitates. If pos-



Wife's Suicide for Love: Mme. Laura Beer, who shot herself on being separated from her husband.

of the Legislative Council of Victoria, can claim to have done, and the profits from his purchase are not complete yet, for the wreck is still proving a handsome source of revenue.



A Firewoman-Surgeon: Miss Lillian M. Thomas, who, clad in rubber coat, cap, and boots, goes with the New York firemen to attend the injured at fires. She receives no fees for her services, which are much appreciated.

was subsequently put up to auction, and knocked down to Mr. Aikman for the ridiculous sum of £290. Afterwards the auctioneer offered the cargo left by the underwriters on the wreck, and this Mr. Aikman secured for another £60.

"The low price at which the whole thing had been knocked down was a complete surprise," declares Mr. Aikman. "I had enough money with me to pay a deposit of £2,000."

After much trouble Mr. Aikman succeeded in getting divers to work on the wrecked liner, and then came the first of many pleasant surprises.

"It was not long," he says, "before I had the pleasure of seeing the decks filled with cargo. Looking round at the time, you would have seen all classes of goods—drapery, hardware, and electro-plated ware. You would have seen 400-gallon tanks filled with enamel ware, and a complete set of band instruments which realised very good prices. A great part of the cargo we recovered was in the after-hold, where it had apparently been overlooked."

"During the preliminary operations one of the greatest surprises was the discovery that someone with a fishing boat was removing something from the steamer, apparently without the aid of any diving gear."

"We determined to make a careful examination of the hull at low water, when, to our surprise, we found a valuable cargo of Muntz metal lying high and dry and quite accessible."

"There were ten tons of it, which were taken out in less than a day, the metal eventually realising £750. Nine hundred tons of bar iron, bar steel, tool steel, and shear steel were recovered from the wreck, and were sold at an average rate of £10 a ton. I also got 740 tons of galvanised iron and forty tons of steel during the first operation."

"After six months' operations we left what remained on the boat, with the object of abandoning her, when, in conversation with an engineer, that gentleman mentioned that, counting



Photo, Milne.

The Prime Minister and his Dog: This interesting photograph shows the Prime Minister seated on the door-step of his house, with his favourite dog. It is probably the most unconventional portrait of him which has ever been published.

investigation, and work was immediately resumed.

"During the second operations on the *Australia* 219 tons of brass, copper, and gun metal were recovered, and 1,950 tons of scrap cast-iron were obtained from the engine and other castings on board. Five tandem and four Tangye engines and a large



Actress' Ashes Scattered: The body of Miss Johnstone Bennett, a well-known New York actress, who has died, was cremated, and the ashes scattered to the winds. Miss Bennett expressed a wish that her remains should be disposed of in this manner.

This phase of cannibalism is the most difficult to deal with from a missionary's standpoint.

Character Sketch of "C.B."

Of medium height, plump, with a large head—now growing bald—thick-shouldered, genial—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is all these; but perhaps the word that sums him up is "homely" (says a writer in the *April Rapid Review*). He is homely



A Royal Nun: This picture is taken from a very old photograph of Princess Adelaide of Lowenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg. She married Miguel, Duke of Braganza, who was King of Portugal from 1828 to 1834, when he abdicated under compulsion. King Miguel died in 1866, but his widow is still living in a convent in the Isle of Wight.

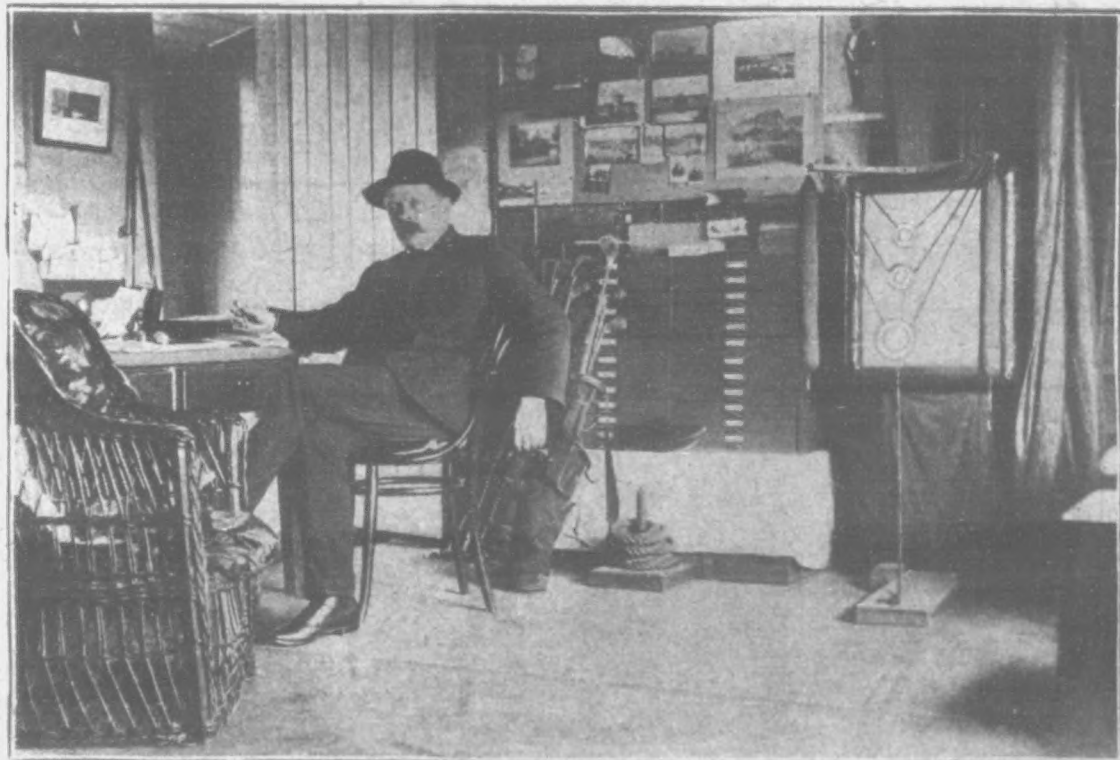
sible, he always writes his speech first and avails himself of copious notes.

Witty he can be on occasion. Witness his reply to the Pressman who asked how long he expected to speak at a certain meeting. "Expect is hardly the word," wrote the Premier, "but I fear about an hour."



Photo, Rimton.

An Archer who is to shoot before the King: Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart., whose seat is at Thirsk, is an enthusiastic rifle-shot and archer. It is his boast that he can shoot an arrow a quarter of a mile, and when in his best form hit the centre of the gold nine times out of ten. The King has asked him to give an exhibition of archery before him. He will do this in June, and is now hard at work practising.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE EARTHQUAKE: Professor Milne, the earthquake expert, in his laboratory in the Isle of Wight. By means of his seismographic instrument, Mr. Milne was able to calculate that the earthquake must be near San Francisco just at the time it was occurring.



THE RUINED CITY: California Street Hill and Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco.

What's in a Dictionary?

The Editor of *C. B. Fry's Magazine* in a recent number says:

"What can be a better legacy to a child after the rules of its catechism and the knowledge of the value of soap and of fresh air, than the power to use its own national language freely and in the right way? Give it a dictionary lesson every day. Give it continual exercises in the meanings of words. Give it lists of words that express clear meanings. Soak it with

spontaneously as they play. To drive out bad words you must pack in the good ones."

The Grape-Nuts Company Limited, 274, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, E.C., has inaugurated a novel competition, and offers prizes to those who can make the greatest number of words out of "Grape-Nuts," and we predict that this contest will engender a careful and instructive study of the dictionary, coupled with the chance to win a valuable prize.

They are drawn chiefly from the fishing race of the Newfoundland Banks—a community whose daring and hardihood have been so well told by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in "Captains Courageous."

The men, who wore the uniform of the Royal Naval Reserve, arrived from Portsmouth shortly after eleven o'clock, and after visiting the Tower they went to the quadrangle of the Colonial Office.

Lieutenants Dickson and Trye were in command, and the contingent under them numbered 115 petty officers and men.

When they had formed up Lord Tweedmouth stepped forward to inspect them. He was accompanied by Lord Elgin, Sir Montagu Ommanney, and the Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

After the inspection Lord Elgin addressed the men.

"We recognise the good work you have done and are doing for the Navy," he said. "We want you to understand that we desire that the British Navy should be considered not as the possession of these islands alone, but as that of the whole Empire. We are, therefore, glad to welcome the men from Newfoundland here to-day, and we are sorry that you have so short a time to spend with us."

The men then gave the general salute, and, led by Lieutenant Dickson, raised a lusty cheer; after which



THE RUINED CITY: Newspaper Row; Third, Kearny, and Market Streets—showing the "Call," "Chronicle," and "Examiner" Buildings, San Francisco.

Army's Tallest Officer.

The tallest officer in the British Army is retiring from the service. He is Major Oswald H. Ames, who has served nearly twenty-two years in the 2nd Life Guards. He made an imposing and well-remembered sight as he led the procession on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

most likely to find him out. People at that time were afraid to approach them, but she went and interviewed them, and says she found them most kind and considerate to her.

The old lady has a wonderful memory for dates, and when able can converse and tell some most interesting accounts of her travels and experiences.

600-Roomed War Office.

The new War Office in Whitehall, which has taken just six years to complete, is undoubtedly one of the most wonderful and up-to-date buildings in London.

Magnificent and imposing as the exterior is, it gives but a small idea of the vast undertaking involved in its construction. The *Daily Telegraph*, however, has obtained some interesting details as to the actual quantity of materials used in the building, which help to show the gigantic nature of the task. These include:

Ordinary bricks: Twenty-five millions.

Glazed bricks: One and a half millions.

Portland stone: Twenty-six thousand tons.

Lead: Sixteen hundred tons.

Steel: Three thousand five hundred tons (used for floors, etc., the building not being of steel construction.)

Concrete: Thirty-five thousand cubic yards.

The immense size of the building is indicated by the fact that there are:

Six hundred rooms.

Two and a half miles of corridors.

Seventeen miles of cornices.

Nine miles of chimney flues.

Seven acres of asphalt.

Fifty-four acres of plasterers' work.

One hundred miles of piping—heat, water, drains, covering for electric wires.

Four acres of mosaic paving in the corridors.

Seventeen hundred windows.

The circumference of the building is 1,500ft., and the entire height from the concrete foundation to the top of the towers is 156ft.

In order to ensure dryness, the entire building is set in a concrete "dock" 24ft. deep, the inner walls of which are well removed from the walls of the structure. This dock has a cubical contents of 13,000,000 gallons, and would float several war-ships.



Photo, Abeniacco, Naples.

THE TERRIBLE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS: Clearing away the wreckage of the market place at Naples, which fell last week, killing numbers of people who, never expecting danger, were shopping in the market.

the beauty of words. Stir the pride of the right word in the right place in its mind.

"Believe me, Nuttall, properly administered and imbibed, is a surer means of culture than a study of the piano, or many another elegance of refinement. Let the children be taught how to express their thoughts as

Colonial Jack Tars.

Sturdy, smart, and resolute in their bearing, the men of the Newfoundland Naval Reserve contingent visited London recently, and made a most favourable impression on the crowds of spectators who viewed their progress.

they were dismissed, and boarded their brakes again. During the afternoon they successively visited St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the Zoological Gardens. At 6.30 they dined at Lyons' Piccadilly Restaurant, and afterwards attended a performance at the Alhambra.

Woman of Many Adventures.

A description of the career of a remarkable old lady is given in the *Daily Telegraph* by Mr. William Sly. He says:

It is an old saying that when persons are in receipt of a pension they live long. This is fully borne out in the following case, which is one of several as regards age, and may be of interest. Caroline Chipp, who has for many years been one of the pensioners of the Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, is in her ninety-eighth year. She has had a varied experience during her long life, having lived in five reigns. A most faithful servant to the families she served, she is now living with a daughter (Miss Swan) of her last master and mistress, who treats her as if she were an elderly relative.

This old lady has in her time been in all parts of the world, has visited nearly all the Courts of Europe, and was present at Westminster Abbey at the coronation of the late Queen Victoria.

In 1842 she entered the service of Mr. Price, of the commissariat in Mauritius, afterwards going into the service of his son-in-law, the Deputy-Commissariat-General (Mr. Swan), going with the family to Australia, Tasmania, Botany Bay (penal settlement), Cape of Good Hope, and Mauritius. She was always a woman of strong character, and at one time, when her master, Mr. Swan, was lost for three days and nights in the Blue Mountains, it was suggested that the Bushrangers would be the



Photo, Topical.

THE TERRIBLE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS: Some of the havoc wrought by the molten lava which poured down from the mountain.



Photo, Park.

Woman of Many Adventures: Miss Chipp, ninety-eight years old, who has often carried important dispatches for the Foreign Office. See accompanying paragraph.

- IN THE DOOMED CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO. -



SOME OF THE EXCITING INCIDENTS AFTER THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Everton have carried off the English Cup; and well they deserved their victory at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. I freely admit that I thought that Newcastle United would win, and the Novocastrians freely admitted after the match that they might have won if they could have shown their true form. Therein lay the solution of the problem. Worse football than the United gave us has rarely been displayed by a first-class team, and the supporters of the Tynesiders were simply flabbergasted at the inert exhibition given by their pets. It was really too bad to be true!

Everton recognised that they had a tough job on hand, and they went about their business in such a whole-hearted style that Newcastle were rarely allowed to settle down to that insidious passing game which has made them so formidable in the League tournament. Aitken played

grandly at half-back, while Carr at full-back and Rutherford on the right wing did many clever things, but, on the whole, the play of the Northerners was disjointed. In comparison with their exhibition Everton played well; in comparison with what may be called the average standard of football Everton did no more than moderately. Yet the Lancashire team rose to the occasion capitalily, and by sheer pluck carried off the Cup by 1 goal to 0.

The winning goal came less than a quarter of an hour from the end. Young had previously put the ball through, only to have the veto of Mr. Kirkham put upon the point on account of offside, but the youthful Scot made no mistake when, from a centre by Sharp (who, by the way, was the hero of the match), he placed the ball into the corner of the net. That point decided the game, and the most coveted trophy of the



THE CUP-TIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: Everton beat Newcastle United by 1 goal to nil; the shot that Lawrence saved so brilliantly.

Photo, Russell.



THE CUP TIE FINAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE LAST SATURDAY: Odd lotting; by Our Special Artist, Dudley Cleaver.

whole football world goes to Lancashire for the eleventh time in twenty-four years. Incidentally I may mention that 75,609 people were present, and that Lord Kinnaird presented the Cup and medals at the close of the game.

There were some surprising results in the First Division of the League last Saturday, which proved to be "a day out" for clubs fighting for immunity from the Second Division. Bury, Middlesbrough, and Notts Forest all won their games, and so, too, did Wolverhampton Wanderers, whose win over Derby County by 7 goals to nil was the most remarkable of the series. Had the Wolves shown anything like this form previously they would have escaped relegation to the Second Division. Who their unfortunate companions will be cannot be decided until tomorrow.

Bury had 5 goals to nil the best of Blackburn Rovers, and they still have a chance of saving the situation, as they are equal in points to Middlesbrough with a slightly worse goal average. The latter won their match with Woolwich Arsenal by 2 goals to nil, and Notts Forest, by beating Birmingham by 2 goals to 1, finish a point in front of the other two. The situation is an exceedingly interesting one.

Preston North End and Bolton Wanderers met at Deepdale, and, as was only to be expected, the victory rested with the former by 3 goals to nil. Liverpool, assured of the Championship, had Sheffield United as visitors at Anfield. The champions had no difficulty in winning, the margin in their favour at the finish being 3 goals to 1. Aston Villa wound up their home season with a win, their victims being Notts County, who went under by 2 goals to 1. Manchester City scored a runaway win over Sunderland by 5 goals to 1.

Chelsea had several reserves playing against Gainsborough Trinity in the Second Division, and paid the penalty, as the Lincolnshire club beat them by 3 goals to 1. The result of the game, coupled with the victory of Manchester United, made all the difference to them so far as the First League is concerned, for all chance of gaining admission to the select circle was precluded. Clapton Orient won another match, their victims being Stockport County. The Homerton club can at least claim that they have made a plucky fight, even though they are at the bottom of the table.

The Southern League Championship has gone to Fulham, their position being finally secured by a win over Bristol Rovers. The victory was well deserved, though it was only by 1 goal to nil, and the Craven Cottage men are to be congratulated on their very successful season. Tottenham Hotspur and Plymouth Argyle met at White Hart Lane, where the home team, after having most of the play, were beaten by 1 goal to nil. Luton, playing at home, soundly thrashed Southampton, the Bedfordshire team gaining the points by 5 goals to nil.



Photos, P.I.P.

FOOTBALL ATTITUDES.—SOME OF THE HEROES OF SATURDAY'S MATCH: 1. J. Taylor, of Everton. 2. Scott, Everton's goalkeeper. 3. J. Rutherford, of Newcastle. 4. Veitch, of Newcastle.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

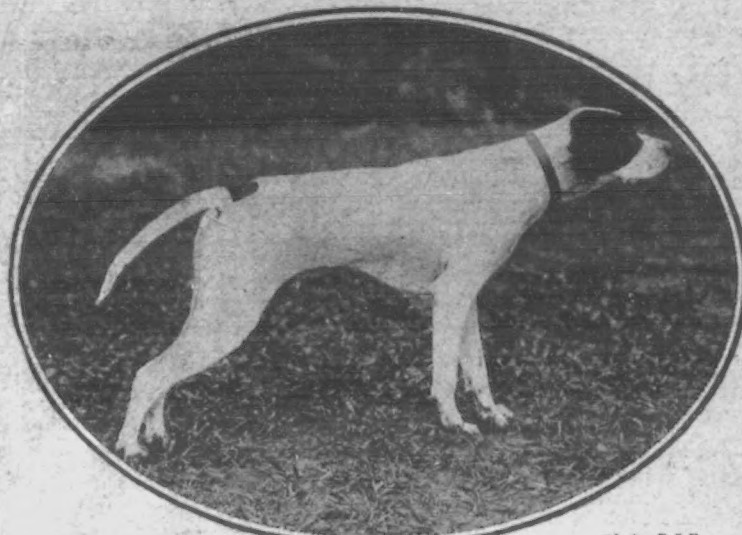
A Good Hardy Perennial.

Mrs. H. (Wigan) asks me to make a choice of a really good *Doronicum*, or *Leopard's Bane*, and although there is a liberal choice, I cannot go beyond the variety *Harpur Crewe*, undoubtedly very common, for it can be obtained of all seedsmen, but a magnificent species. The flower is golden yellow in colour, and the plant is hardy and vigorous. A general note as regards the growth of hardy perennials may now be of service. With the exception of some few sorts, which require a somewhat different treatment, the greater part of these are best raised in the months of May, June, and July. Sow thinly, and when the plants are large enough, prick out on nursery beds to strengthen, and plant out early in autumn, or in favourable weather in February and March, where they are intended to flower. Early sowing is decidedly the best, as it gives the plants a far better opportunity of becoming sufficiently strong to resist severe frost in winter, and to bloom freely and finely in the coming spring and summer. This is especially the case in reference to double German wallflowers and Brompton stocks, which should not be sown later than the end of May. These being less hardy than most classed as such should have the benefit of a more

grown to attain perfection, therefore it should have a rich and rather a moist place. Tubers of the *Jerusalem* variety can also be planted now; they are usually put in places where scarcely anything else will thrive. Plant them 18in. from each other, in rows 3ft. apart and about 3in. deep.

More about the Homing Pigeon.

The correspondents who wrote to me about the homing pigeon are thanked for what they were good enough to say with reference to my little paragraph some weeks ago. I have been interested in pigeons all my life, and I will readily answer any questions which are sent to me concerning the very fascinating hobby. The training should begin at not later than twelve weeks from the date of their hatching out, although, of course, they will have been afforded opportunities of learning their bearings before then. The first stage should not be more than a mile, and it is just as well to release the young birds one at a time. The owner should be at the loft with some tempting tit-bit to encourage the novice, and also to teach the homers to fly straight home. The distance to be flown can then be increased from one to two miles, and then to five, until, when six months old, the birds are well



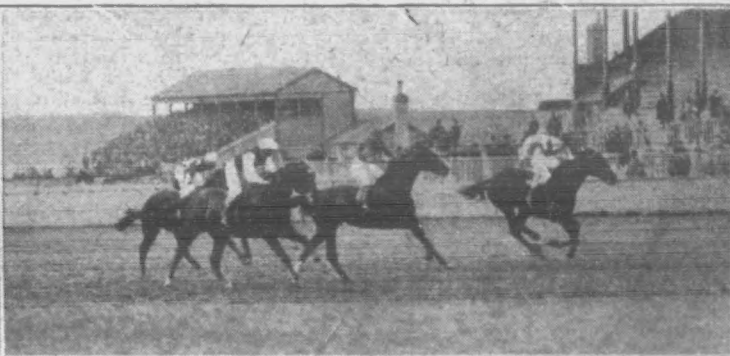
Photo, P.I.P.
THE KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS AT IPSWICH:
"Pitchford Carol," winner of the Thirty-second Field Trial Derby Stakes.

in soils congenial to their nature. The most suitable soil is loam, mixed with old mortar. The family to which carnations belong are fond of lime as an element in their food. An admixture of gypsum in their rooting-places will help their happy development, where old mortar is not available. Carnations wintered in the open resist disease the best. For this reason, as well as for labour-saving considerations, it is well in rural districts to give them the open

rows and other birds, which are apt to strip the leaves and pick the plants to pieces. Lines of black thread stretched over the carnations are the best protection. The sparrow distrusts thread arrangements of the kind, and hesitates to go below the lines, even for food.

Limewash for Woodwork.

To make a good limewash, slake half a bushel of quicklime in boiling water, covering the receptacle during the process to keep in the steam.



Photos, P.I.P.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.—Craven Meeting: 1. Fitzwilliam Stakes—"Off!" 2. Crawford Stakes—The finish.

sheltered spot when finally planted out, which ought to be done, if possible, in July. Sweet Williams, unless sown early, will not all bloom the following year.

Artichokes.

I am glad to hear that amateurs are growing artichokes more freely than has been the case; while it is an admitted fact that the sale of both the *Globe* and the *Jerusalem* variety is increasing every year. Neither will ever depose the potato, but, as a chance, the artichoke is well worth the attention of all growers, especially now that there is so ready a sale. New plantations will have been made by now in most gardens, but if not it is not yet too late to take up some of the old roots and divide them into moderate-sized pieces. Then plant them in patches of three, set triangularly at 9in. from plant to plant, allowing 4ft. to 5ft. between the patches and rows. The artichoke requires to be well

able to do their 150 miles with safety.

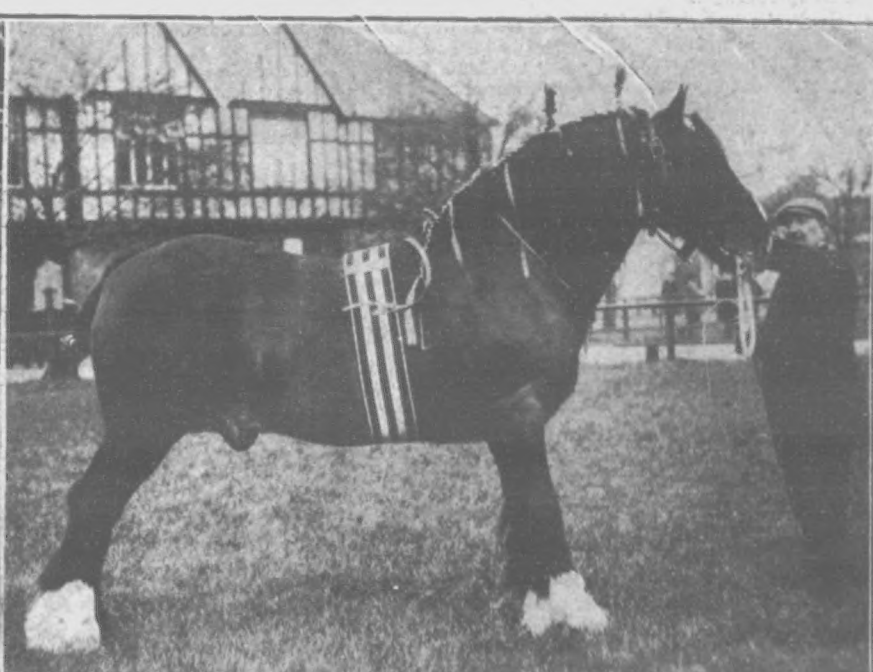
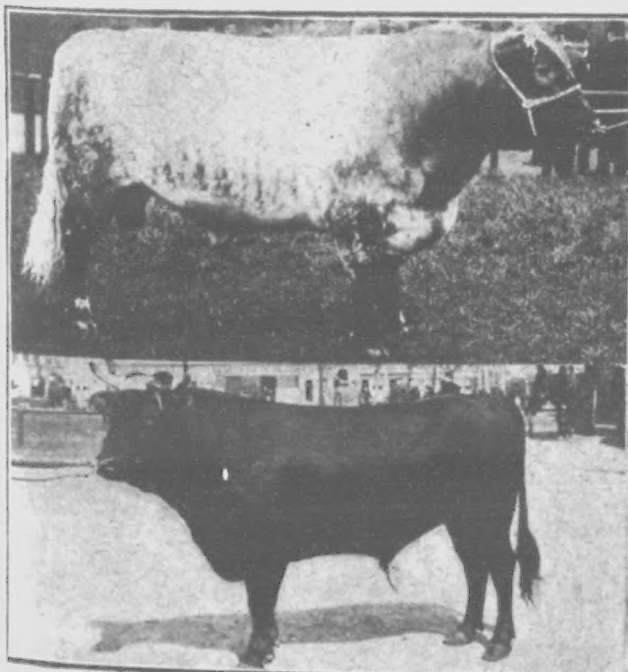
The Carnation Craze.

The owner of a small town garden, who is in quest of a special flower which will yield him the utmost satisfaction, cannot make a better decision than to adorn his little pleasure with a collection of border carnations—always providing that his land is a fair loam, and not dry, hot, and sandy soil of gravelly nature. We owe to an eminent London banker, Mr. Martin R. Smith, of Warren House, Hayes, Kent, the production of a magnificent race of new carnations, sufficient in themselves to furnish a garden of limited size with interest and beauty. These new seedlings are vigorous in habit. They produce superb blooms of large size and refined type. There is no absolute necessity for wintering under glass the majority of border carnations. They are quite hardy enough to withstand outside weather

air life all the year round. In towns the evils of dusty, foggy, and smoke-laden air make mischief enough to induce many carnation lovers to adopt glass protection in winter. The custom of lifting carnation layers and potting them in order to winter them in cold frames is increasing, even in the country, and this is probably due to anxiety in respect of the many choice varieties in the possession of garden owners. Plants which have been so wintered should now be planted out as soon as possible. Those which were planted early in the autumn will have formed abundance of roots in the warm soil before winter chilled the earth, and will now be making vigorous growth. For these the soil should be lightly pricked over with a fork. A dressing of compost, enriched with sweet, open, well-seasoned manure, will be acceptable to them. Owners of carnations must not forget to guard their treasures against the attacks of ravenous spar-

When quite slaked, dissolve it in water and add 1lb. of common salt and 2lb. of sulphate of zinc (which will cause the limewash to harden on the woodwork). The ingredients should be well stirred together and allowed to stand for a few days protected from dirt. Apply the stuff with an ordinary whitewash-brush, having previously cleansed all places on which it is to be put. Some authorities advise the addition of carbolic acid, but this is not necessary, unless it is the aim to disinfect fowlhouses where there has been disease, in which case it is preferable to wash the inside walls, ceiling, and porches with warm water and carbolic soap, or any good disinfectant soap prior to applying the lime. For hen coops and houses we do not know of anything better than limewash for internal use.

It is most important to thoroughly cleanse the woodwork before applying the whitewash, otherwise the result is certain to be unsatisfactory.



Photos, D'Arcy, Dublin.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING SHOW: 1. Mr. Toler Aylward's 1st prize Shorthorn, "Diamond Link." 2. Mr. David Rathay's 1st prize Kerry bull, "Gort King." 3. Mr. John Dalton's 1st prize Shire stallion, "Barnevell Seldom Seen."

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"Antipon can be had of Chemists Stores & price 2/6 & 4/6 per Bottle, or should any difficulty arise may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free under private package direct from the Sole Manufacturers—THE "ANTIPON" CO., 13, Buckingham St. Strand London, W.C.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Quite a new note in muslin gowns is struck by the Broderie Anglaise allover robes. They are quite at their best when worn over a colour, especially if the embroidery is of a very openwork description, when a bright-tinted slip shows up very effectively. The simpler the design in making up the better, as



Photo, Lallie Charles.
The Ellen Terry Jubilee: A recent photo of Miss Ellen Terry.

this displays the pattern of the allover to the best advantage. I have recently seen a very pretty model with a deep gathered flounce set on to a plain skirt. The blouse bodice was also an example of simplicity, having a V-shaped collar edged with a flounce similar to the one on the skirt, only, of course, narrower. The puff sleeves were finished off at the elbow with a flounce of the same description.

There is a marked tendency to decorate skirts with a single row of trimming. This may take the form of a deep border placed quite at the hem of the skirt, or possibly an inset of lace starting a few inches above the hem. Sometimes the skirt itself is made with a deep hem, having for its sole trimming a narrow fagot-stitched border of taffeta. Some skirts show a series of deep tucks at the foot, and a dainty gown of ninon soie was made thus, having in addition a pretty vandyke of Valenciennes lace, edging a series of gaugings. Some very deep borderings of lace are inserted in vandyke fashion on to the skirt and frilled top and bottom with soft satin. A similar bordering on the bodice provides a bolero effect, eminently becoming to a slight figure.

Those who are in search of a cheap, and yet essentially elegant, spring costume cannot do better than invest the sum of 23s. 11d. in "The Marvel," a dainty all-wool voile robe, with material and lace for bodice. The skirt is made with tiny tucks from waist to the top of a full flounce, slanting into points in front, and broken up at intervals by narrow lines of insertion outlining each seam. The deep flounce is set on to the skirt by several rows of gauging, and is appliquéd by a dressy ruche in zig-zag form. A narrow frill of silk borders the extreme edge of the flounce and this is again beaded by a tiny van-



THE ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE: Miss Ellen Terry's grandchildren—Miss Rosie Craig and the three sons of Mr. Gordon Craig.

successful ones have black crossbars on a groundwork of palest grey. Very pale mauve, crossed by thread-like lines of heliotrope, looks delightfully cool carried out in cotton voile, which is one of the materials which lend themselves most amiably to these dainty checks.

The lace, which was once so modish an adjunct to our furs, now bids fair to be revived in connection with feather wraps. Flat boas in marabout look charming with two bars of wide lace insertion placed a few inches from the ends, which are finished off with a fall of lace. Accordion-pleated chiffon and silk are also being used to

being thus combed and sponged is really enjoyable to the observer. It is a mistake to follow the whims of fashion with regard to hair-dressing. The hair should always be arranged in the manner most suited to the personality of a woman. For instance, frizzes and curls in black hair tend to decrease its beauty, while loose and shining waves heighten it. In the same way, blonde hair looks well in a curly confusion that would be a disgrace to a good head of black tresses. Half the charm of a woman consists in the dressing of her hair. In fact, the ugliest woman in the world may

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Photo, Window & Grove.
The Ellen Terry Jubilee: Miss Ellen Terry as "Camma."



Photo, Window & Grove.
The Ellen Terry Jubilee: Miss Ellen Terry as "Guinevere."



Photo, Window & Grove.
The Ellen Terry Jubilee: Miss Ellen Terry as "Portia."



Photo, Window & Grove.
The Ellen Terry Jubilee: Miss Ellen Terry as "Ophelia."



Photo, Window & Grove.
The Ellen Terry Jubilee: Miss Ellen Terry as "Mrs. Page."

FROCKS of woollen voile embroidered in English style are distinctly one of the season's novelties; and a new silk, called the radium foulard, will certainly attain a measure of appreciation with all those who love graceful fabrics. In the new Saxe blue, with a neat printed design of tiny pin spots in white, it presents an infinitely charming appearance. In fact, pin-spotted materials, light on dark and dark on light, are greatly in favour, as are also the new checks, which are much daintier in appearance and altogether different from those of last year.

dyked frill. The bodice may be fashioned to correspond with the skirt, and a charming bolero may be broken up by tucks and lace insertion and just reach the top of a deep corselet belt in silk. The bolero may be cut low in the neck to open over a lace vest, and a dressy ruche, describing two vandykes in front, gives the finishing touch. Puff sleeves of elbow length only require a ruche and fall of lace to complete them.

The new checked materials are fashioned by very narrow thread-like lines which break up the groundwork colour into tiny squares. Some of the most

decorate ties and cravats in curled and clipped ostrich.

"Why have you so few friends?" was the question put to a lady living in a suburban district. "You speak to scarcely anybody, you hardly know your neighbours. You are regarded as proud, yet I know that you are not." The reply was: "I have few friends because I want a friend with a backbone, and I can find one only here and there."

There was more truth in that remark than is apparent. The meaning of "friend" is changing; in the old days it meant one who was almost part of yourself, your alter ego (other self), one who was on the most intimate terms with you and kept to you always. Now it merely means a man or woman whom you meet occasionally; you have so many friends now that the old intimacy has vanished. There is no time for it; you cannot devote yourself to one person. This common practice of flitting from one to another leaves us with a somewhat flabby character; we do not go deeply into things affecting our friends, as we call them. The troubles or joys of this one or that impress us ephemerally, and we have no real sympathy. We listen to opinions and we agree with them in a superficial way, partly because we feel the sentiment that has led to their expression is but superficial, and it is not surprising or uncommon to find that our friend has expressed quite opposite views on the following day to someone else, generally in order to sympathise with that someone else.

Now, there is no backbone in this, and to those who believe in the former idea of friendship it is distasteful. It

A NATURALIST has been making observations in the toilets of certain ants, and has discovered each insect goes through most elaborate ablutions. They are not only performed by herself, but by another, who acts for the time as lady's maid. The assistant starts by washing the face of her companion, and then goes over the whole body. The attitude of the ant that is being washed is one of intense satisfaction. She lies down with all her limbs stretched loosely out; she rolls over on her side, even her back; a perfect picture of ease. The pleasure the little insect evinces at

make herself attractive if she has a good head of hair and knows how to dress it. THERE is a saying that a new broom sweeps clean. It is literally true. If you examine a new broom you find the ends of the bass or hair are straight and the brush is square. After the brush has been used some time the ends split and become sharp, and the shape of the broom is not what it was. To remedy this, dip the broom in hot suds, and then trim the sharp points off neatly, thus preserving the square shape.



Photo, Frith.
THE ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE: Miss Ellen Terry's farmhouse at Hythe.



Photo, Frith.
THE ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE: Miss Ellen Terry's cottage at Winchelsea.



THE ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE: Miss Ellen Terry at the age of seventeen.

The wise woman is a good listener as well as a good conversationalist. It is much more of an art to draw out the best thoughts of other people than it is to converse well oneself. One often meets intelligent persons who never enter a room full of people without monopolising the conversation. Their faculty for useless chatter is unlimited, and their conversation is liberally interspersed with the pronoun "I."

Well-bred people have a wholesome dislike of talking about themselves.

One never knows how much they know, or what wonderful sights they have seen, unless some circumstance occurs to bring it out. It is left for the person of few ideas and narrow vision to keep up a ceaseless chatter. It is the occasional traveller who seeks to impress upon her friends the fact that she has seen something of the world. She never misses a chance of speaking about it. While this is not an unpardonable fault, it is a disagreeable one, which sometimes causes the inveterate talker to be spoken of in terms anything but complimentary.

In many houses the minute glass with red sand in it is used as the indicator of the time for egg boiling. When all the sand has run through from the top to the bottom, the egg is supposed to be done.

Three minutes is the usual time allowed for boiling an egg. If it is newly laid another minute is allowed. These are the ordinary rules from which some housewives have never departed all the days of their wedded lives.

But these rules are wrong in foundation. Three minutes will not cook an egg. In that time only the outside will be cooked, and that portion overdone, too. Within, the yolk will remain liquid and quite uncooked, though the white will be set too much, especially at its contact with the porous shell.

And longer than three minutes in boiling water will ruin the egg entirely. The yolk will be changed into a substance resembling yellow powder, while the white will be an indigestible mass warranted to help dyspepsia. In fact, a hard boiled egg, taken with tea, is a very mischievous thing. The tannic acid in the tea will still further harden and toughen the albumen of the egg, so that it will be absolutely insoluble when the digestive juices try to act upon it. It does no good, but has to be passed away as a waste matter.

Of course, if people like the taste of raw yolk, the three minutes in boiling water will give them an egg that can be digested and so turned into flesh later. But what is wanted is a way of cooking that will yield a toothsome, rightly-done morsel.

This can be obtained by cooking the egg ten minutes, or, in the case of a very new one, warm from the nest, a quarter of an hour.

The water is boiled up before the eggs are put into it. Then it is taken off the fire and the eggs put in for ten minutes. In this way the outer ring of white will not be unduly hardened by boiling, but the hot water will cook the whole egg substance gently. Yolk and white alike will be exactly set, but in no way hardened.

Boiling is the very worst thing for any food composed of albumen. In the case of meat, all cooks know that the outer film of a joint must be hardened so as to coagulate and close up all pores in order to keep the good meat juices within. They consequently harden it by boiling the meat briskly for a minute or two, then they keep the water below boiling point in order to cook the meat through without hardening any albumen beyond the outer film.

Just so it is with an egg. The water must boil to get a good heat, but the actual cooking must be done below that point.

An egg thus cooked is a delicate morsel. An egg cooked by the three minute system is a delusion.

When an egg is poached, it is really only the white that is done. The boiling water coagulates this at once. The yolk is just warmed, but is really often raw on the inside. Nevertheless, a raw egg is wholesome.

INGREDIENTS: Half a pint of cooked fish, half a pint of cooked vegetables (carrots, turnips, potatoes), a cucumber, two yolks of eggs, a gill of cream, a tablespoonful of vinegar, some made mustard, chopped parsley, pepper, and salt.

After removing the skin and bone from some cooked fish, flake and measure it. Take the vegetables you have to use, and cut into dice a larger proportion of potatoes than other vegetables. Slice the cucumber thinly. Pile the fish on a fancy dish, arrange the cut vegetables round. Place the slices of cucumber in a row outside overlapping each other. Put the yolks of eggs into a small basin, and poach till hard. Then rub smooth with the back of a wooden spoon, add made mustard and salt to taste, and the vinegar. Then gradually stir in the cream. Last, add some chopped parsley and pour over the fish.

COWSLIP WATER is made by infusing one pound of the fresh flowers in one gallon of cold water for two hours, removing the flowers, boiling for one hour in another gallon of water, mixing the waters, and filtering through porous paper. Proper filtering papers can be had at nearly any pharmacy for a small sum. Cowslip water is refreshing for common toilet use. It will not keep unless some preservative is added; this may be ten per cent of glycerine.



Photo, Foulsham & Sanfield.

"SPRING BLOSSOMS." The latest portrait of charming Miss Daisy Cordell.

SOAK half a pound of split lentils all night, wash well in several waters, then put them to boil in cold water. Skim thoroughly as it boils, then add one onion, a stick of celery, a carrot, and a little parsley, a small blade of mace, pepper-corns, and salt. Boil quickly for about two hours. Press the soup through a sieve; put two ounces of clarified dripping or butter into a saucepan, when dissolved add two ounces of flour, and stir over the fire till nicely mixed, add half a pint of milk, slowly stirring till it boils and

thickens. Put the soup into a clean saucepan, gradually pour in the thickening, and heat all thoroughly together. Just before serving, if you can manage it, add a quarter of a pint of cream.

TAKE any cold vegetables and mix with them a little chopped bacon or ham, season with pepper, salt and mace. Mash some potato and mix it with the vegetables and form into cakes. Dip into egg, then breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown in deep fat.



Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

MISS MARGARET LESLIE, playing in "The Beauty of Bath" at the Aldwych Theatre.



Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

MISS GLADYS CARRINGTON, (sister of Lady de Clifford), playing in "The Beauty of Bath" at the Aldwych Theatre.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"Mr. Popple (of Ippleton)" is still drawing big houses at the Shaftesbury, and as Mr. G. P. Huntley (whom everyone sympathises with in his sad bereavement) returned to the cast last Saturday night, the play should run merrily through the summer season, at all events it deserves to. Several new dances and songs have been introduced, and the play is well worth a second visit.

During Mr. Huntley's unfortunate absence his part has been played by Mr. Morris Harvey, and played exceedingly well, too. Though closely following Mr. Huntley's gestures and business, Mr. Harvey shows that he is something more than a mere imitator, and this, no doubt, will be remembered by those concerned when filling the cast of some future musical comedy. Mr. Bertram Steer is now playing the part of Norman Popple; he is a newcomer in musical comedy, having hitherto been associated with Sir Charles Wyndham. He gives a bright performance of the "town" brother of the unsophisticated Popple of Ippleton.

The new musical entertainment, "Venus, 1906," by Mr. George Gros-smith, jun., produced at the Empire Theatre last week, is labelled "revue," which would seem to imply that in London a "revue" is a short musical comedy full of topical references, in which some of the actors play several characters. But, after all, there is very little in a name, and, besides, it is the fashion in English playhouses to attach inaccurate labels to new productions.

"Venus, 1906," is the usual inconsequential light-hearted entertainment, amusing enough at times, and containing several excellent numbers. But it emphatically is not a Paris "revue." The idea with which it begins is a contest between Venus and a Gibson Girl as to who is the real Goddess of Beauty. The case is tried in a law court, in which Mr. W. H. Berry is an amusing presiding judge; but, in the accepted manner of musical comedy, the story is soon lost sight of.

Mr. Berry appears in Trafalgar Square as a Labour leader, Miss Sybil Arundale sings some songs very charmingly, Mr. Harry Grattan plays many characters, and Miss Daisy Cordell and Miss Elizabeth Firth look exceedingly pretty.

The best scene is the last, in which, by the machinations of Venus and Vulcan, Trafalgar Square is destroyed, and the world returns to prehistoric times.

Mr. Richard Green, or Dick Green,

as the genial tenor is generally called in his profession, who has just finished a long engagement which, as a matter of fact, constitutes a record for that kind of work at the Coliseum, is another recruit whom Mr. Stoll has drawn from Grand Opera. Even in Grand Opera, accidents happen sometimes, as Mr. Green can testify.

"On one occasion," he says, "during the performance of 'Otello,' in which I myself played Montano, I found, in returning to the dressing-room at the close of Act I., that Signor Vaschetti, who was to play the part of the Herald, and opened the third Act, had not arrived. It transpired that he was ill, and his message to that effect had gone astray. By an oversight there was no understudy for the part, and as nobody seemed willing to undertake

the task, I spent most of Act II. learning the music, with the assistance of my friend, Landon Ronald. It was the quickest study I have ever been called upon to make."

"In 1889," continued Mr. Green, "I went to the Grand Opera in Paris with a fellow-student, where I witnessed the strangest scene I have ever known in a theatre. At the end of the garden scene, Plancon, who was playing Mephistopheles, after bowing his acknowledgments from between the footlights and the curtain, was about to step back over the curtain pole, when he was suddenly carried half-way up the proscenium. All feared he would fall, but he came down again safely, and, in order to insure safety, descended to Avernus by means of the orchestra exit. Meanwhile, those behind the scenes, thinking he was still on the stage, again rang up the curtain, and, not seeing any Mephistopheles, a crowd of stage hands appeared and peered up into the flies, evidently under the impression that his Satanic Majesty was 'lodged up

above!' The house roared with laughter, and thus ended an episode which might have had a sad and dramatic finish for poor Plancon."

An array of talent will be found in the outlying Moss Empires this week. Little Tich makes a welcome reappearance at Hackney, while the old favourite, Miss Florence St. John is the principal attraction at Shepherd's Bush in "My Milliner's Bill," expressly written for her by the late Mr. G. W. Godfrey.

Mr. Fred Storey presents "Rip Van Winkle" at the New Cross Empire, while those delightful pantomimists, the Boissetts, top the bill at Stratford, and Mark Sheridan, genial critic and humorist, at Holloway.

M. de Cottens and Mr. Walter Slaughter, the collaborators in the "revue" which is now proving such a success at the Coliseum, are engaged in writing an original musical play to be produced in London and Paris. Mr. Slaughter, in addition to selecting and adapting the



Uproar in a Theatre: Signor Mascagni, who was pelted with cushions thrown from the stalls by an angry audience because the famous baritone refused to give an encore. Ultimately he acceded to their wishes.

caricature. He isn't aiming at your laugh. He wants you to recognise your man. He idealises and tries to get out the best in his subject. How does he seize his victim? "I look at his mouth. How does he form his words? A little bunched mouth—then he will speak through his teeth. A long, squat mouth—his vocables then will be flattened, squat. Observe Mr. George Alexander's little trick of dropping the right-hand corner of his mouth. He does it always. That I seize, listen for the note, practise it always—on the Tube, in my brougham, home—everywhere."

Then the gesture. "Not every gesture—that is unnecessary—but the key-gesture, the movement which sums up the man." (Remember Mr. Gladstone's authoritative movement—the right forefinger swept up straight like an arrow over his head—it never left him.) "I work like a novelist—seize one trait and evolve my man. Give me one note—and I will play you the rest."

Mr. Williams does so there and then, and gives me Mr. Tree, Mr. Alexander, Sir Charles Wyndham in single notes—just monosyllables. Yet they could belong to none others. Thus, Mr. Williams never reproduces a scene. "The average mimic merely parrots his man. So I take mere names of plays—the alphabet would do—and I show you just how such-and-such men come out under given conditions. Do not suppose I am decrying others' work. But I hate and despise mere parrot-work. Every one is supposed to reproduce Sir Henry Irving. A gesture is accentuated—the guttural sound is prolonged. That is not Sir Henry Irving. It is merely drawing a huge collar and labelling it 'Gladstone.'" In a word, Mr. Williams wants not merely the voice, the outer man—he wants his heart, his soul, the embodied temperament.

music for the gorgeous entertainment at the Coliseum, has also composed many numbers. These include, in view of the forthcoming marriage of the King of Spain, a charming piece suggesting the English Rose and the Pomegranate, the national emblem of Spain.

Mr. Bransby Williams has transferred his "Actors Day by Day" show from the Liverpool pantomime to the Empire in Leicester Square *en bloc*. Next Christmas, by the way, he is in "Dick Whittington" at Glasgow. Mr. Williams is one of the brainiest men in the music-halls. He is a finished artist. But behind the art we feel the working of a fine brain, an acute and nimble intelligence. Talking to you, he realises for you Meredith's description of Mrs. Mount in "Feverel." He "flies ahead of you like nimble fire."

His mimicry—voice, gesture, the telling little peculiarity—is photographic, almost disturbing (says a writer in the *Daily Express*). He hates

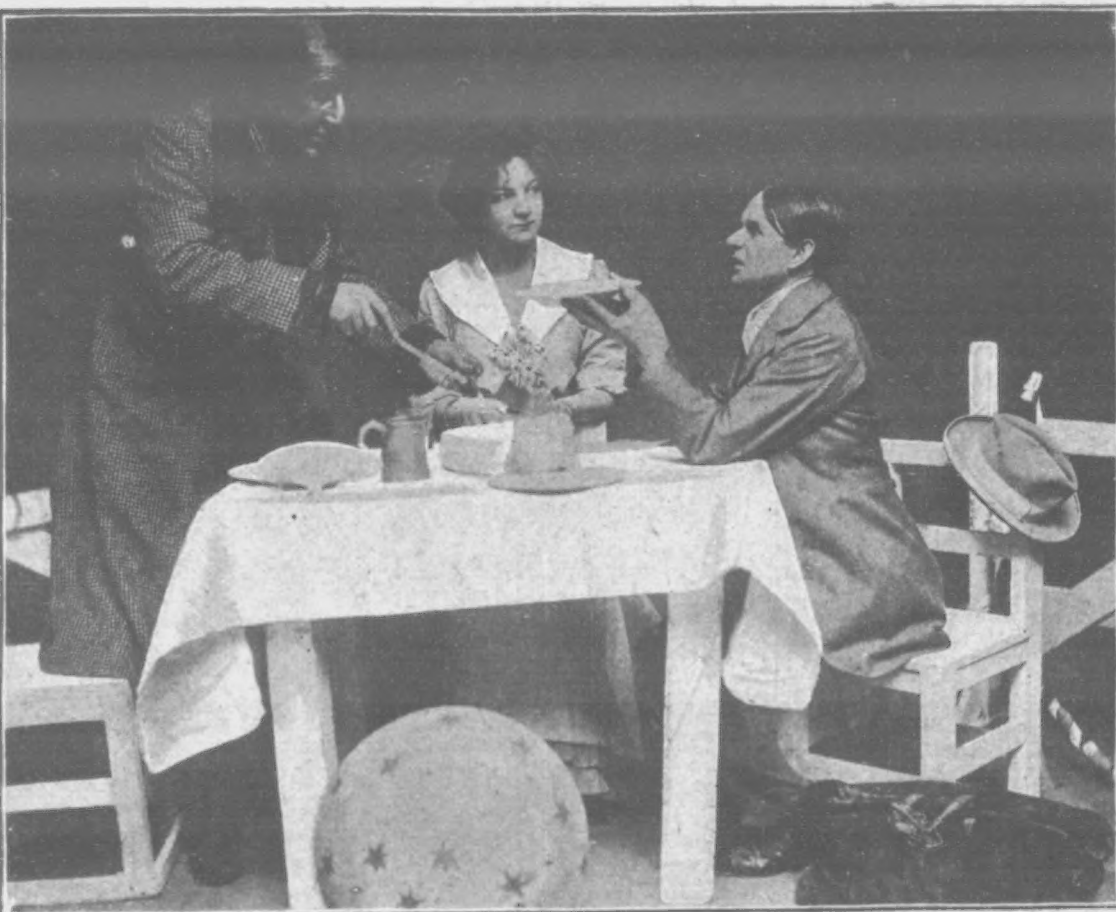


MR. RICHARD GREEN, the well-known tenor who recounts some amusing anecdotes on this page.



Photo, Lizzie Canwell Smith.

"THE NEW CLOWN" AT TERRY'S THEATRE: The new clown (Mr. James Welch) to Billy the strong man (Mr. Leonard Buttress): "I don't want to have a box with you, because I shall get a beastly licking!"



Photo, Lizzie Canwell Smith.

"THE NEW CLOWN" AT TERRY'S THEATRE: Mr. Dixon (Mr. G. H. Snazelle), Miss Estelle Winwood, Lord Cyril Garston (Mr. James Welch). Mr. Dixon: "Would you like some tripe and onions?" Lord Cyril Garston: "Tripe and anything!"



WRESTLING: Madrali, who will wrestle with Hackenschmidt for the world's championship at Olympia to-morrow.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING

There was only one athletic meeting of importance last Saturday, the big football match at the Crystal Palace doubtless being the cause. The holding of their annual sports is not a matter that club officials can treat lightly, for they are expensive affairs, and the value of the prizes is not covered by the entry fees by a long way. There are, of course, meetings where the trophies are the gifts of local magnates, and they are the most enjoyable of them all, but in the majority of cases, clubs have to look to gate-money to secure a balance on the right side of

the ledger. Therefore, such an event as the Cup Final was too big a thing to set up in opposition to.

The Surbiton clubs had no such misgiving. Their's is a purely sporting function, and is managed by the local cricket, football, lacrosse, and hockey clubs in the Surbiton district. Many athletic veterans who were famous in years gone by lend hearty co-operation, and the events in which strangers compete are only to be entered by invitation. Last Saturday's meeting was one of the most successful in the annals of the club, the entries and the racing being good.

The next exciting event of the meeting was the two miles invita-

tion handicap, which resulted in a dead-heat between F. A. Knott, S.L.H., 125yds. start, and R. F. C. Yorke, L.A.C., 140yds. It is not often that such an event as a dead-heat occurs over a long distance, but the men ran locked together all round the last lap, and when the worsted was reached there was no separating them.

Another good race was the quarter-mile. This was won by W. A. Fitzgerald, of the Surbiton Lacrosse Club, with a start of 23yds., whose nearest attendants were M. P. S. White, Blackheath Harriers, 27yds., and F. J. Casserley, S.L.H., 31yds. In the two miles steeplechase relay race, the Surbiton Lacrosse Club beat Kingston Rowing Clubs. The winners' team was composed of T. S. Fordham, H. B. Harrison, R. F. M. Rigley, and W. A. Fitzgerald, and they won by 150yds. There were a number of local events, and they were chiefly remarkable for the form of a boy under nine years of age, J. B. E. Martyr, who won the sprint open to those of his own years from scratch, and also secured the handicaps for those under 12 and 15 years.

The Railway Clearing House staff held their second annual seventeen miles walking race from Watford to Boxmoor, when, out of forty-six entrants, fourteen competed. The race was won by G. R. Withers, of the goods department. He made the pace from the start, and arrived first in 2hrs. 36mins. 18secs. Next in order was H. A. Smith (coaching), H. L. March (coaching), S. E. Gladwin (goods), G. A. White (goods), and W. T. Oman (coaching).

Hackenschmidt and Madrali meet once more to wrestle for the championship of the world at Olympia to-morrow (Saturday). It will be remembered that at their previous meeting on January 29th, 1904, Madrali was thrown in forty-four seconds and sustained a dislocation of the elbow which prevented him continuing the match. On that occasion the contest was arranged under the Greco-Roman rules, which were familiar to Hackenschmidt, but comparatively novel to Madrali. At the coming encounter the rules to be observed by the combatants will be those

of the "Catch-as-catch-can" style, which will give a very much better chance to the Turkish wrestler, accustomed to this particular code. Both men are in hard training for the contest, which will be undoubtedly the greatest wrestling match ever seen in England. What success means to either man may be understood from the fact that Hackenschmidt is at present the highest-paid performer on the variety stage in England, and is booked up to the end of 1907, all his contracts being liable to annulment

if he is beaten in a match for the championship of the world; whilst Madrali, if he can beat Hackenschmidt would immediately succeed to the leading position and the great salaries at present drawn by his rival. There is also a strong feeling of personal antagonism giving zest to the match, as Madrali was horribly disappointed with the tame and unsatisfactory ending to the last contest, in which he was taken by surprise, and quite failed to display his real and undoubted abilities.



WRESTLING: Hackenschmidt and Madrali will wrestle for the world's championship at Olympia to-morrow (Saturday). Our photo shows Hackenschmidt practising one of his favourite throws. He threw Madrali this way when last they met at Olympia.

31 BOXES of GOLD

300 Boxes of Silver,

For the most Words made up from these Letters

"GRAPE-NUTS."

331 People will earn these Prizes.

Around the well-lighted family reading-table during the evenings the children and grown-ups have the chance to earn some money with their wits and see how many words can be made.

Ten people making the greatest number of words will each receive a little box containing two sovereigns, 20 people will each win one box containing a sovereign, 300 people will each receive a box containing four shillings, and one person who makes the highest number of words over all contestants will receive a box containing ten sovereigns.

It is really a most fascinating bit of fun to take up the list evening after evening and see how many words can be added.

A few rules are necessary for absolute fair play. Any word made from the letters in "Grape-Nuts" authorised by Nuttall's Dictionary and accepted for use as part of the present English language will be counted, with the following qualifications:—

- (1) No name of person or place. (2) No obsolete word.
- (3) No foreign word not used and accepted by Nuttall's Dictionary. (4) No word in which any letter in "Grape-Nuts" is used more than once. (5) A word used in the singular cannot be used in the plural. (6) The different tenses of verbs may be used. (7) Abbreviations and prefixes will not count. (8) Words spelled alike but with different meaning can be used but once. (9) State total number of words made. (10) All lists must reach the office of the Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd. not later than July 2nd, 1906. (11) The decision of the Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd. must be accepted as final.

Arrange the words in alphabetical classes—all those beginning with A together, and those beginning with E to come under E, &c.

When you are writing down the words leave some spaces in

the A, E, and other columns to fill in later as new words come to you, for they will spring into your mind every evening.

It is almost certain that some contestants will tie with others, so, in order to decide, each one will be expected to send with the list of words a plainly-written letter of personal experience with Grape-Nuts. These letters are not to contain poetry or fancy flourishes, but simply truthful statements of fact. For illustration: A person may have experienced some incipient or chronic ailments traceable to unwise selection of food that failed to give the body and brain the energy, health, and power desired. Seeking better conditions, a change in food is made and Grape-Nuts and cream or milk used in place of the former diet. Suppose one omits the meat, fried potatoes, starchy, sticky messes of half-cooked oats or wheat, and cuts out the coffee and tea. Try, say, for breakfast a little fruit, a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream or milk, two lightly-boiled eggs, a slice of hard toast, and a cup of our Postum Food coffee. Some amateur says: "A man would faint away on that," but experience will demonstrate that the noon hour will find a man on our breakfast better-nourished and with a stronger heart-beat and clearer-working brain than he ever had on the old diet.

Suppose, if you have never really made a move for jolly good health that pushes you along each day, with a spring in your step and a reserve vigour in muscle and brain that makes the doing of things a pleasure, you join the army of "plain old common-sense" and start in now. Then, after you have been two or three weeks on Grape-Nuts diet, you write a statement of how you were formerly and how you are now. The simple facts will surprise you and interest your friends. We never publish names except on permission, but we often tell the facts in the newspapers, and, when requested, give the names by private letter.

There is plenty of time to acquire personal experience with Grape-Nuts and write a sensible, truthful letter to be sent in with the list of words, as the contest does not close until June 30th, 1906. So start in as soon as you like building words, and also start in using Grape-Nuts. Out this statement out (it will only appear once) and keep the letters "GRAPE-NUTS" before you, and when you get ready to write your letter you will have some reason to write on the subject: Grape-Nuts.

Remember 331 persons will win prizes, which will be awarded in an exact and just manner as soon as the lists can be counted after June 30th, 1906. Every contestant will be sent a printed list of names and addresses of winners on application, in order to have proof that the prizes are sent as agreed. The Company is well known all over the world for absolute fidelity to its agreements, and every single one of the 331 winners may depend on receiving the prize won.

Many people might feel it useless to contest, but when one remembers the great number of prizes (331), the curiosity of seeing how many words can really be made up evening after evening, and the good natural fun and education in the competition, it seems worth the trial. There is no cost, nothing to lose, and a great big chance to win one of the many boxes of gold or silver.

We make the prediction that some who win prizes of gold or silver will also win back health and strength: worth more to them than a vanload of money prizes.

There are no preliminaries. Cut out this statement and go at it, and send in the list and letter before July 2nd, 1906, to the Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 274 Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C., and let your name and address be plainly written.

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OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL STORY.

THE GREAT PLOT. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XI.

Sylvia Learns the Truth.

The silence that had fallen between the pair was prolonged as they strolled along, he still holding her hand, until at last he repeated his appeal.

"How can I answer?" she asked, bursting into tears. "How can I withhold my forgiveness?"

"I know! I know!" he cried in a low, earnest voice. "But you will quickly learn to forget."

"And shall you forget?" inquired the girl, looking up at him with her tear-stained eyes.

"No, Sylvia," he responded frankly. "I shall never forget you—never."

"Then in the past you have really loved me?" she demanded, laying

years younger than I am. You are beautiful above the average of women; your face makes a sensation wherever you go, and your heart is just as pure as it was when you were still a child. Therefore, for you happiness is not unattainable. You will marry soon the man of your choice, and if you will take my hand in forgiveness to-day I will, as I have already promised ever be your

Guy." And the jilted girl stretched forth her hand even though a flood of tears was in her fine dark eyes. "No," she faltered, with a sob, "I bear you no malice, Guy. I—I wish you every happiness, just as you wished me. Only recollect that in your life you have had one woman who has loved you better than your wife can ever love you—and that she was Sylvia Milbourne."

Vainly she tried to suppress her emotion, until, covering her face with her hands, she suddenly burst into a torrent of tears.

And Guy Wingate stood with bowed head, his hand tenderly laid upon the shoulder of the sobbing girl, but tongue-tied, not knowing what further words to utter.

He had grossly deceived the unhappy girl, and to endeavour further to palliate his offence was, he knew, quite futile. He had sacrificed her young enthusiastic love for his own sordid ends, and her girlish heart was broken.

CHAPTER XII.

Girls' Confidences.

Sylvia understood it all. She returned slowly homeward across the fields, rebellion and fury gathering in her heart.

She was very beautiful—beautiful with all the beauty of woman now, not with the beauty of the girl. And as with halting steps she followed the long straight path across the meadows, there came back to her all the recollections of her sweet and secret love for the man who had so cruelly cast her aside. She remembered all the past—the first meeting in the hunting field where the hounds met on that sharp winter's morning at Bedford Park; their first chat as they rode home together along the Great North Road; Sher Ingham, the shore and the forest; his fervent declaration of love; silent, sacred kisses exchanged on those long, clandestine walks; the roses he had given her as a pledge of his affection. And, again, there was that dance at Milton—the first bitter jealousy; the first serious fears followed by vows of constancy and passion's impetuous embrace. And all was gone! gone for ever!

Directly she got home she sought Grace Fairbairn, whom she found sitting at needlework in the small upstairs room which the Milbournes gave to the girls' companion. Then, flinging herself into a chair, the girl burst again into tears.

"Why, Sylvia, dear, whatever is the matter?" asked Grace, starting



Photo, Knight.

WINNERS OF THE ARMY CUP FINAL: The Royal Engineers' Team.

Corporal Lowe, Sapper Oldershow (goal), Lance-Corporal Garaden.

Lance-Corporal Daffern, Lance-Corporal Webber, Lance-Corporal Taylor,

Sapper Jewell, Sapper Kier, Sapper Broad, Sapper Cadbury, Sapper Norman.

"No," he said with an effort to comfort her. "Do not give way like this, Sylvia. It is painful to us both. You will very soon learn to love another, and happiness will be yours. Bear up. I know I have done wrong, but what I have done was imperative. Your parents look with no favour upon me, a poor, struggling medico. It is best that I should marry another—best for you, and for me."

"Ah," sobbed the girl bitterly, "that is all very well, Guy. But—I loved you—I loved you!"

her hand upon his arm. "Tell me the truth."

He was silent for a moment.

"Yes," he answered hoarsely. "I have loved you, Sylvia. It is because of that I ask you to forgive."

"And if I forgive, you will ever stand my friend?"

"I swear to you I will," he said.

"My only hope is that you may find some man worthier of your affection than I am, some man who will love you and hold you as his ideal, as his all in all, as a wife should be held. You are young, Sylvia—ten

adviser and your friend. Can I say more?"

"No," she responded. "To-day you have at least been perfectly frank with me. You must know how I have suffered in secret these past few weeks, ever since I heard of your engagement. I had no member of my family in whom I could confide, and was therefore compelled to bear my trial alone. But I see the force of your argument. You must make an advantageous marriage, and I—well, I," she added bitterly, "must shift for myself. Still, I forgive you."



Photo, Thompson & Lee.

THE FINAL FOR THE ENGLISH CUP.

Newcastle United, who were beaten by Everton by 1 goal to nil last Saturday. The names, reading from left to right, are: Back row (men in jerseys only): J. Howie, W. McCracken, A. McCombie, J. Lawrence, C. Veitch, T. Wills, A. Gardner, P. McWilliam, A. Gosnell. Front row: McLarence, J. Carr, A. Aitken, W. Appleyard, R. Orr, J. Rutherford.



Photo, Thompson & Lee.
The Cup Final: A. Aitken, Captain Newcastle United team.

up and throwing herself on her knees beside the unhappy girl and taking her hand. "You are so pale! What has happened? Tell me. Remember, you can confide in me everything."

The girl looked straight into her companion's face, and, seeing truth and sympathy mirrored there, gripped her hand but remained silent. Her heart was full, but she hesitated to confess that Guy, her ideal, had played her false.

"You are silent. Surely you may tell me the truth, dear? Any secret of yours is safe with me."

"Will you promise to say nothing if I tell you the truth, Grace?" she asked after a pause.

"I have never divulged a word of your secret love for Guy Wingate," the other replied. "Therefore you may surely trust me. Is it of him?"

"Yes," cried the unhappy girl. "It is of him. We have parted for ever."

"Parted!" exclaimed Grace in surprise. "What! Have you quarrelled?"

"No. He has decided to marry," responded the girl in a choking voice.

"Ah! He has grown tired of you," exclaimed Grace with a quick frown, for she saw how acutely the poor girl was suffering this first reverse in her young life. "It is like all the men! Tell me everything."

The girl burst again into tears, sobbing bitterly. But the other placed her arms tenderly around her neck, comforting her with words of sympathy until at last she succeeded in calming her. Then, after considerable hesitation, Sylvia explained how she had that afternoon met her lover, how he had spoken with cruel frankness to her, and how they had parted for ever.

Grace Fairbairn, with one arm around the neck of the unhappy girl, heard her to the end. The sudden ending of the little romance was certainly unexpected. She had heard rumours of the young doctor's frequent presence at the house of Mr. Councillor Thomas, and had made the only logical deduction, but she had never dreamed that he intended to forsake the sweet, charming girl who was so utterly devoted to him, and to whom he had apparently been so deeply attached.

"Well," she said at last, after some words of sympathy and reassurance, "it must be a terrible blow to you, dear. But bear up. We all of us, both women and men, have our trials and disappointments. You are still young, dear, and you will get over it."

"Never!" sobbed the grief-stricken girl. "Never!"

"There are plenty of other men ready to fall in love with you," Grace said smiling. "Unlike myself, you are pretty, and your father, if he wishes, can give you a substantial dowry. If you were ugly and penniless like myself, you might well despair."

"I can never love another man, Grace," was the girl's declaration through her tears. "Now that Guy has deceived me so cruelly, I could never listen to words of affection from another. My confidence in man's constancy is utterly destroyed."

"For the time being, perhaps," was Miss Fairbairn's rather philosophic remark. "No, Sylvia, this grief, poignant as it is to-day, will very soon pass, and you will find yourself one day attracted towards a man more worthy of you than Guy Wingate."

"Do you know, Grace," she said, after a few moments' silence, "to me there seems a curse upon our family where love is concerned. Think of the fate of poor Nella just at the moment of her happiness. And now myself. Ethel is surely fortunate that she has no lover. Where is she?"

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years freckles increase. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large bottles everywhere.—ADVT.

"Gone over to Sutton to see old Widow Palmer. The poor old woman is very ill, I believe, and she has taken her some beef-tee."

Ethel was the one member of the family who took an interest in the welfare of the poor. Through the three parishes of Castor, Ailesworth, and Sutton, she, just as Nella had done, worked devotedly on behalf of the coal, clothing, and other clubs, the Maternity Society, and the local Sunday school. Assisted by the

"Have you no idea? Think for a moment."

"No, Grace. Please don't tantalise me with riddles. I can't bear them. Tell me who the person is who is smitten by my charms."

"A rather nice man whom you met under tragic circumstances," was the response.

"Tragic circumstances? Poor Nella's death, you mean?" Grace Fairbairn nodded.

"Perhaps you did not notice that

you," her companion went on. "I noticed that the man was so fascinated by you that he scarcely took his eyes from you all through the wedding-breakfast—nor through the inquest afterwards."

"And who was it?" Sylvia inquired, half-inclined to believe that Grace was joking, for she had a keen sense of humour and was fond of giving a semblance of truth to facts that did not exist, and afterwards laughing at her success.

had already awakened within her an interest in the man who had been the last to speak with poor Nella, and upon whom strong suspicions rested.

Sylvia had that day for the first time experienced love's rapture, its fickleness, its torments, and its despair. All her brief past life rose before her with memories of sweet stolen hours and the bitter moments of solitude; experiences both entrancing and dolorous.

She had trod love's path into its



FRENCH MINERS' RIOT: The entire mining district of the North of France has risen in revolt. Fierce fights took place last week between the miners on strike and the gendarmes, a gendarme and an engineer being killed, and a large number on both sides severely injured. At Lievin, where it was market day, about 1000 strikers attacked and sacked the market. At the first onrush the stall-owners fled in terror, and the rioters then proceeded to carry off everything that was of use to them, destroying everything else.

curate of Castor, and a couple of ladies living in the vicinity, she strove almost daily to relieve the suffering of the poor. She was one of those rather plain, matter-of-fact girls whom one so often meets in country villages, the blue-stocking of the family. She had never cared for the same sports and pastimes as Nella and Sylvia, neither did the vanities of feminine dress attract her. She was a sedate girl who never talked frocks, hated tennis, and dressed always in severe black with a neat canotier.

Sylvia sat thinking, her head bent in deep despair. Grace saw how keenly she felt the sudden parting from the man she loved, and again sought to comfort her. But words are of little avail when the heart is broken.

"No," she said, shaking her head sorrowfully and looking at her companion with those great dark eyes that were everywhere admired. "No. It is all finished. I shall never love again."

"Ah, my dear!" said Grace cheerily, "it will be your own fault if you are not loved, and if you don't obtain a worthy husband."

"I couldn't marry a man I do not love," declared the girl quickly. "I will never marry for money, no matter how mother entreats me. I know all the arguments in favour of a girl marrying a man who is rich. I've had them dinned into my ears a thousand times. Father and mother both intend me to marry some gross, beefy-faced man with five thousand a year. I know it quite well."

In the household Ethel had been nick-named "Auntie" by her dead sister Nella because of her old-maidish ways and her primness of attire. Poor girl. Her well-meaning efforts at dispensing charity gave rise to a good deal of good-humoured banter and ridicule on the part of her sisters.

"You certainly need not remain an old maid," Miss Fairbairn remarked presently. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she added: "I myself know at least one man who admires you in secret, although he is almost a stranger."

"Admires me?" cried Sylvia quickly interested, as is every girl who is told that she has attracted a man. "And pray who is he?"

one man invited to the wedding party was held spell-bound by your charms when he was introduced to you. Probably you did not, for your whole life was wrapped up in Guy and his doings, and—"

"Ah! Do not mention him," the girl sighed, interrupting her.

"Well, I have quick eyes, Sylvia, and I noticed something that escaped

"He was Kenyon's best man—Hubert Hutton."

"Hubert Hutton!" she cried, starting up and glancing at her companion. "Do you really think he was attracted by me?"

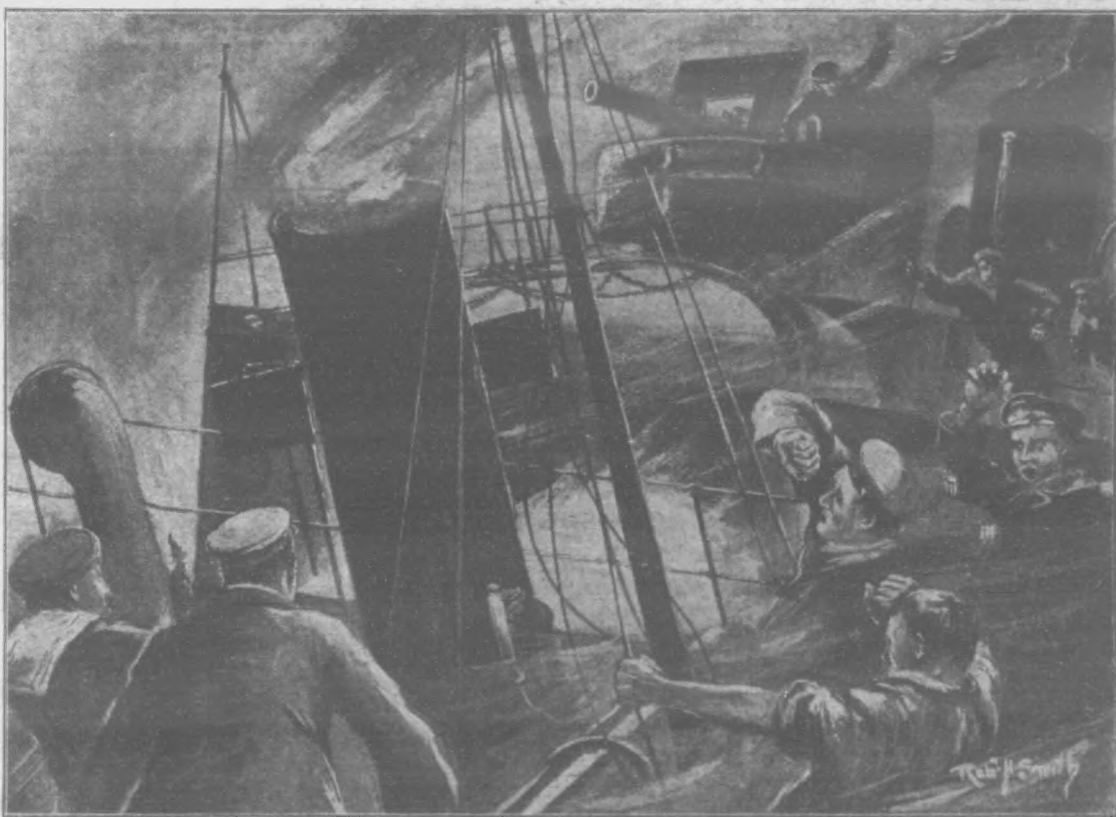
"I am certain of it," was the response.

Then the girl fell to musing, and Grace Fairbairn saw that her words

cul-de-sac, as many a young girl had done. A sweetness seemed to permeate her brooding melancholy—the sweetness of love-dreams, of fervent vows, of delirious prayers and sighs full of yearning transports of delight.

Grace's suggestion had taken full possession of her.

(To be continued.)



TORPEDO-BOAT RAMMED BY A DESTROYER DURING NIGHT MANOEUVRES: A collision occurred off Malta last week between the destroyer "Ardent" and the first-class torpedo-boat No. 84, resulting in the total loss of the torpedo-boat and the death of the warrant officer in command. The two vessels formed part of the flotilla of torpedo craft which are taking part in the defence of the island. It is stated that the vessels were manoeuvring with lights out, when, without the slightest warning, the "Ardent" crashed at full speed into the side of the torpedo-boat, cutting her down to the water's edge and seriously damaging her own bows. The crew of the torpedo-boat just managed to scramble on to the deck of the "Ardent" as their own vessel went down beneath them, but unfortunately the gunner in command, Mr. Thomas E. Courtis, who was the last to leave the sinking boat, was jammed between the sides of the two vessels and crushed to death.

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In the central square of the diagram we have placed the figure 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9, in the remaining squares in such a manner that they will add 15 up and down, across and diagonally from corner to corner. If correct we undertake to present you with a Lady's or Gent's Solid Silver Watch (good timekeeper) entirely free of charge. Write your solution on a plain sheet of paper with your name and address clearly written underneath. Enclose your solution to us with a Stamped, Addressed Envelope, so that we may write and tell you if correct. When you receive the Watch you must show it to your friends, and winners will be required to buy a new watch for us with the Watch. Nearly 4,000 Watches have already been given away to winners, and we have received hundreds of letters thanking us for the valuable present sent free. Write to-day to Dept. 117, The Lever Watch Alliance, 3 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



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Surgical Rubber Goods manufacturers, specialists in travel requisites for both sexes, Bandages, Elastic Stockings, &c. Goods not approved of exchanged. Air Bells for hawkers, Halcyon for Messrs. Squares, Dryas, Pige, and Cockatoo. Illustrated list free.—Dr. Adolph Rubber Works, Dept. 8, Altrincham, England.

Ladies' High class Second-hand Clothing. Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green, London.

Free Teeth.—The Free Teeth Association has been formed to supply Teeth free to the deserving poor, and to supply those of limited means and servants by small weekly payments. For further particulars see page 15 Weekly Times and Echo, and for forms of application apply by letter to The Free Teeth Association, 177 Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.

Cycles, Ladies' and Gent's complete with Radie (master, inverted front brake, Clincher 11 tyres, painted Westwood rims £4 15s.), on approval. Write for Wholesale List, Champion Cycle Co., Sheffield.

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Why neglect yourself, when you can obtain Abdominal Belts, Elastic Stockings, Bandages, Trusses, and Urged Appliances of all kinds by easy payments? Send for particulars and price, post free, to The Northern Surgical Supply, Co and 62 Queen's Road, Dalston, London, N.E.

To Those About To Marry.—If you want to furnish your home well and economically you should send 1s. 6d. to the Publisher (P.I. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. for a handbook entitled SMALL HOMES AND HOW TO FURNISH THEM.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

Although a terrible disaster of the nature of the San Francisco earthquake is, luckily, of very rare occurrence, small and insignificant shocks are felt in some part or another of the world almost every day, and it is seldom that Professor Milne's recording instrument in the Isle of Wight is quite silent for a much longer period than a week at a time.

Japan, of course, is the real home



Only Lady-Admiral in the World: The Queen of Greece, whose most recent photograph this is, is devoted to the sea, and is never happier than when cruising about on her yacht. The Queen, who was born Grand-Duchess Olga Constantinovna, bears the distinction of being the only lady-admiral in the world, having received this honour from the late Tsar.

of earthquakes, and all the houses are specially built in that country with a view to minimising the inconvenience caused by the shocks. There is a good story told of a European who was living in Tokio, and who, during breakfast, was shaken off his chair three times during the meal. When the fourth earthquake jerked him back on his seat he was so used to experiences of the kind that he went on eating calmly!

Earthquakes in Great Britain are most uncommon, but they are by no means unknown. The last severe shocks of this kind were experienced in the Stirling district in Scotland last autumn. At Tillicoultry houses rocked to and fro, dishes rattled, and the bells were rung. At Alva the shock was accompanied by a terrific detonation, which reverberated in the hills like thunder. Immediately after the buildings shook and trembled, and many inhabitants rose from their beds and went into the street half-dressed.

There were more or less severe earthquake shocks in London itself in the year 1247, and in connection with that earthquake the curious fact is recorded that for three months before it occurred the sea ceased to ebb and flow on the English coast.

or, at all events, the flow was not perceptible. From that year until 1580 no fewer than eight severe shocks are on record.

But probably the worst British earthquake ever recorded was that which took place in the latter year. It is vividly described by an eye-witness in the following words:

The populace rushed out of their houses in consternation. The theatres shook to such an extent that the people inside were thrown from their seats, and, thinking the buildings were falling, a panic ensued, and a rush was made for the doors, the result being that many were trampled to death and otherwise seriously injured.

The streets were thronged with an excited and panic-stricken rabble. The scene was terrible, and almost beyond description; the clanging of the bells, the subterranean noises, and the noise of falling houses, the shrieks and lamentations of the people, mingled with loud cries to the Almighty for help and mercy from those who thought the Last Day had come, was enough to fill the stoutest hearts with fear.

While the consternation was at its height a considerable portion of St. Paul's Cathedral and Temple Church were levelled to the ground, and worshippers were killed by the falling of a stone from the roof.

Great interest has been evinced in the romantic story which has been going the rounds to the effect that



Photo, Park.

Knutsford's Little Queen: Miss Sylvia Gidman, Brook House, Knutsford, has been selected as the Queen of the "Royal" May Festival at Knutsford, the one Royal May celebration. When our King and Queen witnessed Knutsford's May Festival they permitted the use of the prefix "Royal."

the hoard of treasure lost by King John nearly 700 years ago may quite possibly be recovered at an early date. The treasure includes the ancient regalia of England, many Norman jewels, and the crown of King Alfred, which King John lost on his disastrous journey from King's Lynn across the River Wash.

The buried-treasure hunt has ever been one of the most attractive of the many stories which are written for boys, but few people realise what huge stores of money and jewels still lie hidden at the present moment in different parts of the world, waiting for some lucky person to find. There are millions of money buried on Cocos Island, and the adventures of the various expeditions which have gone in quest of it would provide exciting material for at least a dozen tales.

Then there is the treasure of ex-President Kruger, which is still missing, although it is said to be contained in the wreck of the steamer Dorothea, and there is the famous El Dorado lake in Colombia, which is said to contain fabulous sums of gold, thrown there in ancient days by the Indians as a peace-offering to the gods.

Millions of pounds' worth of treasure lies buried at the bottom of the sea—pirates' hoards, Spanish galleons, rich merchantmen, sunk by their enemies or by the elements. The positions of many of these are known, and, doubtless, some day much of the wealth will be recovered. Signor Pino, the Italian scientist, has already done much in this direction with his marvellous apparatus which enables people to gaze down to the bottom of the sea.

VALENTIA STEER.

P.I.P. SNAPSHOTS.

"A Barrister" exclaims, in the Times, that why the police "allow drivers of motor-omnibuses to discharge noxious fumes" he does not understand. Neither do we. Up till now we had always thought it was the buses who were in fault.

An actress in Vienna is to be tried for perjury for stating on oath that her age was twenty-seven when in reality it is twenty-nine. In this country we should consider two years a most moderate discount.

Here are some gems from a lecture at Mendon, Mass.:

"Many a young man is trying to support a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary."

"Women would make better homes for themselves if they would love themselves less and the men more."

"Judge not that ye be not judged, for many of us wear silk skirts over soiled linen."

"God made the country, but man made the country roads."

"Sit on a hill-top," counsels a picturesque writer, "and watch the clouds and the cattle and the trees gently swaying in the breeze." We should have thought a "breeze" which swayed cattle might be termed a moderate-sized gale, at all events.

The Westminster Gazette announces the discovery of an ancient cove at Nottingham. Centenarians are becoming quite common nowadays. CRITICUS.



Photo, Park.

COLONIAL JACK TARS IN LONDON: A party of sailors from our Colonies being driven to the Tower of London.

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